But tell me, is young *George Stanley* liuing?
Dar. He is my Lord, and safe in *Lester* towne,
Whether ift pleafe you, we may now withdraw vs.
Rich. VVhat men of name are ſlaine on eyther ſide?
Iohn Duke of Norfolke, Walter Lord Ferris, ſir Robert Brokenbury, ſir William Brandon.
Rich. Inter their bodies as become their births,
Proclaime a pardon to the ſouldiers fled,
That in ſubmiſſion will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
VVe will vnite the white roſe and the red.
Smile heauen vpon this faire coniunction,
That long hath frown'd vpon their emnity.
What traytor heares me, and ſayes not Amen?
England hath long bin mad, and ſcard her ſelfe,
The brother blindly ſhed the brothers blood,
The father raſhly ſlaughtered his owne ſonne,
The ſonne compeld, being butcher to the father,
All this diuided *Yorke* and *Lancaſter*,
Diuided in their dire diuiſion.
O now let *Richmond*, and *Elizabeth*,
The true ſucceeders of each royall houſe,
By Gods faire ordinance conioyne together,
And let their heires (God if they will be ſo)
Enrich the time to come with ſmooth-fac't peace
With ſmiling plenty and faire proſperous daies,
Abate the edge of traytors gracious Lord
That would reduce theſe bloody dayes againe,
And make poore *England* weepe in ſtreames of blood,
Let them not liue to taſte this lands increaſe,
That would with treaſon wound this faire lands peace.
Now ciuill wounds are ſtopt, peace liues againe,
That ſhe may long liue here, God ſay Amen.

FINIS.

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